

# The Mirror.

No. 982.

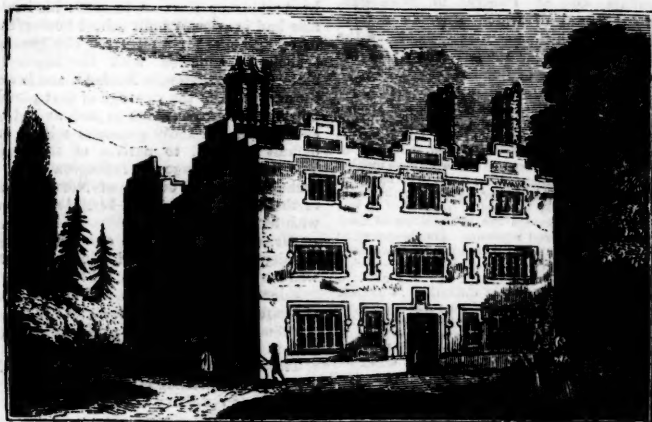
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

PRICE 2d.

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS.



Northampton.



Aldenham, Hertfordshire.



Chigwell, Essex.

## FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT NORTHAMPTON,

Was founded in 1542, by Mr. Thomas Chipsey, who endowed it with lands, which, together with subsequent benefactions, produce an income of about 120*l.* per annum. In 1557, Cardinal Pole granted for its use the remains of the dilapidated church of St. Gregory. Part of this church is still appropriated to the school-house: the master is appointed by the mayor and corporation; and the usher by the master, the mayor, deputy-recorder, the vicar of All-Saints, and the Lord of the Manor of Sillingston-Lovell.

Robert Brown,\* founder of the sect of the Brownists, was born here; as also, Dr. Samuel Parker, bishop of Oxford,† under James II.

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT ALDENHAM,  
HERTFORDSHIRE.

This school, with some almshouses for six people, was founded by Mr. Richard Platt, in the year 1599; he bequeathing lands in Aldenham, and at Pancras in Middlesex, the total rental of which amounts now to 1032*l.* 2*s.* Both the grammar-school and the almshouses are under the government of the Brewer's Company of London.

\* Brown studied at Cambridge, where he soon showed a disposition towards innovation, and in 1590 began openly to attack the government and liturgy of the church of England. He first ascended the pulpit at Norwich, in 1591, and succeeded in converting a number of Dutch, who had a congregation there, to his opinions, for which he was brought before the ecclesiastical commissioners, to whom he behaved so rudely that he was sent to prison, but, through the interposition of Lord Burleigh, soon obtained a release. He then went to Middleburgh, in Zealand, with his followers, where they obtained leave to erect a church after their own model. In 1595, he returned to England, and was cited to appear before the archbishop of Canterbury, who took great pains to reason him out of his opinions, but in vain; and, still persisting, he was excommunicated by the bishop of Peterborough. This censure induced him to submit; and in 1599, he was presented to the living of a church in Northamptonshire, of which he received the emoluments, without discharging the duties. After leading a turbulent life, this extraordinary character died in 1630, in Northampton gaol, where he was sent for assaulting a constable, and insulting a magistrate.

† A prelate of considerable talent and learning, but contemptible from his versatility and time-serving disposition, qualities which he appears to have inherited from his father, a lawyer, who, after exhibiting the greatest subserviency to the parliamentary party, turned round at once on the death of the Protector, and received his reward in the appointment of a Serjeant-at-law, and a seat in the Exchequer bench. His son, the subject of this article, was born in the autumn of 1640, and entered himself at Wadham College, Oxford, where, as well as at Trinity College, to which he afterwards removed, he distinguished himself much by his ascetic mode of life, and by his indefatigable application to books. Pious as the reed, he commenced writing in favour of the Romish religion; upon which James II. forced him upon the fellows of Magdalen college, as their president, and still further advanced him to the see of Oxford. The diadadem with which all the most respectable persons of both communions treated him, is said to have had a strong effect upon his health, both mental and bodily, and materially to have accelerated his decease, which took place at Magdalen college, in the spring of 1687.—He was the author of several works on theology.

The schoolmaster, in addition to his yearly stipend, receives a payment of two guineas a-year for the expense of cleaning the school, calculated from 1814, when he gave up his boarders, and an annual gratuity to the assistant, for the attention to the scholars, viz., in 1819, 10*l.*; in 1820, 20*l.*; and in 1821, 30*l.*; and in some regulations respecting the admission of the scholars. A quarterly return is made to Brewer's Hall, of the number and names of the boys, and of their absences during the preceding quarter.

The number returned at Michaelmas, 1821, was fifty.

Average expenditure on the school, including repairs, 240*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*

The funded property belonging to the above charities, amounts to 2,573*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*

## FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT CHIGWELL, ESSEX.

This grammar-school, for the teaching of the Greek and Latin languages, was, together with one for writing and arithmetic, founded by Archbishop Harnet, in 1629: his lordship also had previously built school-houses, and a dwelling-house for a master. The grammar-schools he endowed with the impropriate rectory of Toffington, in Norfolk; and invested the advowson of the vicarage of that parish in trustees, for presentation to such as had been educated in the above grammar-school, or in default of such, to natives of this parish. The above vicarage of Toffington is in the archdeaconry and diocese of Norwich, rated in the king's books at 6*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*, endowed with 800*l.* royal bounty.

Dr. Samuel Harnet, or Harsenet, the founder of the Chigwell Grammar-school, was born at Colchester, in 1561.

Educated at Cambridge, and chosen master of Pembroke Hall, in 1604.

Promoted, after various preferments, to the see of Chichester, in 1609.

Translated to the see of Norwich, in 1619.

Elected archbishop of York, in 1629.

Sworn of the Privy Council, in 1629.

Died, in 1633.

Lies buried in Chigwell Church, where there is a splendid monument erected to his memory.

The management of these schools the archbishop vested in governors, consisting of the vicar of Chigwell, the rector of Loughton, and ten of the most respectable inhabitants of the parish, by whom, with preference to such as had been educated in the school, or natives of the parish, the master is appointed: the election must take place within ten days after a vacancy occurs, otherwise the nomination lapses to the bishop of London.

William Penn, the celebrated founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, was educated in this school.

ON VIEWING THE MUMMIES IN THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM.

WHAT! is this shapeless crumbling thing,  
All that is left of what was once a man?  
Oh! vain mortal, contemplate this form,  
And think that such as this, ay, *worse*, thou shalt  
become;

For thou shalt know corruption, which this dry flesh  
And parchment-skin hath never known,—  
No loathsome worm hath ever held its revels here,  
Whilst in a few short years, thy eyeless sockets shall  
become

Its dwelling place.—Ages on ages have passed by  
Since this poor mummy breathed;—but it was once  
As fair as thou!—It loved and was beloved—within its  
breast

A heart as warm as thine then beat with joy and hope—  
Long time it has been still and cold. Since those now  
mouldering feet

Moved on the busy scene of life, the glorious work of  
man's redemption  
Has been by Christ accomplished. The Ammon this  
poor mummy served,

With all the host of heathen deities, have been o'er-  
thrown,  
Into those long-closed ears the blessed tidings of the  
Gospel

Never sounded—those knees were never bent in prayer  
Before the one true God!—But to a God of mercy  
Let us look with hope, that ignorance may not be  
judged as sin.

The day shall come, perhaps quickly,  
When those dry bones shall rise again in life,  
And bursting the frail ligaments which now confine  
them,

Shall appear in living form before our God!  
L. C. R.—s.

## POVERTY AND RICHES.

OWEN FELTHAM SAYS:—When wealth abounds,  
men seldom come by suffering to be sober.  
The education of rich men teaches to com-  
mand, so they seldom come to be acquainted  
with obedience, which is better than a sacri-  
fice. They are so humoured by attendants,  
and so elated by the adulations of all about  
them, and withal so swallowed up with plea-  
sure, that they often miss of knowing rightly  
either themselves or others. The worm of  
this fair fruit is pride, and it sooner takes  
the goodly than the lean. Jacob asked for  
only food and raiment; and Agur prayed  
directly against a plenty; and though Solo-  
mon was so wise as not to ask it, yet, when  
he had it, he had well nigh lost all his wisdom;  
certainly, though riches be not evil in them-  
selves, yet, for the most part, there is an un-  
happiness that attends them; and, if our  
Saviour had not seen something in them more  
than we apprehend, he would never have  
declared it so difficult for a man, at once, to  
be both good and opulent; neither would he  
have advised the young man to sell what he  
had, or commanded his disciples to leave all  
and follow him; nor would he have so exam-  
pled poverty to us in his own meekness, had  
he not known that through our human frailty  
we are too apt to be drawn away by abun-  
dance. Riches, besides the danger of their  
flattering us to a reliance on them, hinder us  
from the sense of charity, by not feeling the  
wants that others live in. How strict and  
vigilant have I known some upon the labour

of a poor man, who had toiled all the day,  
from six to six, for sixpence; and who, had  
it not been for the pleasure of night and dark-  
ness, which gave him some slender refresh-  
ment, might have been considered in a worse  
condition than the beasts of the forest. The  
daily labouring man sells not only his strength,  
but also his time and his ease, for that alone  
which will not satiate his craving  
appetite. Rich men, by reason of the beck-  
onings and illigations of pleasure, and the  
divertive crowd of other occasions, do not  
apprehend the hardships of others, neither  
have they time to consider and weigh their  
condition; so the charity which they have is  
rather self-love than charity; and, it is un-  
doubtedly true, that without the wings of  
charity, it will be very hard to mount to the  
regions of happiness: riches, besides, are often  
as thorns to choke the fruits of piety; yet,  
industry and attention might, perhaps, pre-  
vent some of these inconveniences. But there  
is one thing in wealth, which fascinates  
beyond all these, namely, it is apt to seduce a  
man into a false opinion of wisdom in himself;  
and it may be from hence, that, when Simo-  
nides was asked, which was best for a man,  
wealth or wisdom; made some doubt how he  
should resolve the business: "The reason is,"  
said he, "I have often observed wise men to  
wait and attend at rich men's houses; and  
how easy it is for a man to think himself wise,  
when he finds that he hath a wise man, as his  
servant, humouring him." A poor man, being  
softened by his low situation, and the continual  
want that environs him, may, like clay, be easily  
moulded into any form; but the rich, set on  
the promoted hill, and shined upon by the  
sun of prosperity, become hardened into a  
brittleness scarcely ever admitting any other  
shape than that in which you find them: and,  
indeed, it is no small unhappiness for a man  
to occupy a station that will not admit a  
friend to be free with him; for while he is  
open to flattery, he is, at the same time, fenced  
against admonition. He that, by the means  
of wealth, is lifted up above the rebuke of  
friends, had need of a noble nature, and a  
strongly-guarded virtue, else he will soon  
descend to the lowest scale of vice: certainly,  
there is none so wise that he never errs; but  
he is well onward in the way to be wise, that  
can bear a reproof, and mend by it. There  
are, doubtless, many that are wealthy and  
wise, as well as rich and religious; and they  
ought to be extraordinarily happy in them-  
selves, who can escape the trains that their  
affluence lays for them, and make use of those  
brave suppediments that a great estate  
allows them to do good withal. If we have  
no wealth, it is honest and noble not to be  
fond of it; but should we possess it, far more  
heroic to employ it in acts of charity and  
beneficence.

W. G. C.

## MARRIAGE OF VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

THERE is a delicious little idyl, which the scholar presses to his memory like a bundle of sweet-scented camphire, writ in the old Grecian age by ancient Moschus—an idyl, which honest Heskins superlatively calls “*dulcissimum Idyllium*,” and whose exquisite beauty quite captivated Faëry Sponser. Delicious in its diction and method, it treats too, upon that most delicious of all subjects—Love; chiefly consisting of a pleasing allegory on the waywardness and variability of that little godship’s movements. Venus, it represents, as running hurriedly through the paths and rose-brakes, and asking every stranger whom she meets, whether he has met with her fugitive son, promising a honey-dropping kiss to whomsoever will afford her tidings of him, for he is a most mischievous little being, and delights in shooting at hearts, with which he has no business or legitimate concern; and, therefore, from such unbecomg acts, she, like a careful mother, wishes to divert him. And then she runs on, with softly-warbled syllables, telling you enchantingly of his manifold perfections, of his cunning, too, and crafty disposition; how he slides, imperceptibly, into every bosom, piercing the royal hearts of princesses and kings, no less than the simple souls of Margery and Maid Marian.

“*Βάλλει κ' εἰς Ἀχέροντα, καὶ εἰς Ἀΐδου βασιλῆα.*”  
*Moschus. Idyl.*

And truly those self-same attributes which so peculiarly distinguished this lovely little personage of old, were no more his attributes in those days of yore, than they have been ever since, and are at the present moment. But the most eccentric instance of his power thus exerted, is in those cases wherein he hath planted his fire-pointed shafts deep in ignoble, or, otherwise, vulgar bosoms, causing them to flame up ardently with love for high and imperial persons. Of this species of aspiring love, instances not a few are to be found, but of none, more than in the present reign, when our “fair vestal, throned by the west” hath been hard beset in her walks and rides, by those troublesome suitors whom the arrant trickery of the love-god has, in sport, imbued with the tender passion, for the Queen and Majesty of England. These circumstances, recent in the memory of our readers, we need not recount; enough is it, that more than one gallant captain has been in this way smitten, and more than one unlettered rustic been observed to indite amatory versiculi, inspired by the feelings with which the arch love-god had imbued him. But this, as we before said, is again no new thing. Love hath rag'd like Hecle in many a serf’s and pastoral’s bosom, as we call our beloved friend Sheridan Knowles to witness, for many a lady high-born and dignified as our queen herself, in the modern days of England. Whatever Platonism possessed the heart of mighty Queen Bess, the

same stoical apathy to love and love’s ardours, fortified not the heart of the poor enamoured tailor, who, desperately smitten with her imperial loveliness, was consumed by the flames of the passion conceived in him, till the Fates sheared his life-thread in twain. But this was not the last prank of villainous little Eros. I read that another unhappy wight, bewitched with the love of royalty, conceived, in the year 1788, a violent passion for another Elizabeth, lately princess of Homberg; and, drawn by the cords of love, got into the palace to pay his respects to her royal highness. His name was Spang, his father a Dane, himself an Englishman and a hairdresser! But such is the untoward fate of this sort of love, that the friseur was unluckily pronounced insane. And again in the preceding year, 1787, one Stone, a heavy-looking, German-like man, about thirty-three years of age, unfortunately fell in love with the princess-royal of England, afterwards the dowager queen of Wurtemberg. He said—O shade of Werter, listen!—that the princess stole his heart from him by looking up at him in the two-shilling gallery of the theatre. But alas, for the luckless innamorato, Doctor Monro, who knew less about love than lunacy, speedily decided the business, and poor Stone pined away, like a solitary Narcissus, incarcerated in Bedlam.

Royalty, therefore, we plainly see, is no bar to the indulgence of the tender passion, for “love has twenty pair of eyes.” Who dare venture to state after this, that on the other hand, many young maidens have not died for love of some or all of the royal dukes, though, like the gentle Viola, they have never told their love, but have let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud, prey on their damask cheeks. Verily, love! thou art a capricious tormentor, and a crafty marksman!

But witnesseth not our beloved Moschus, on the other hand, that Love wings his golden shafts as readily into the bosoms of the royal, as into the hearts of the lowly! And though a maiden—an innuba Pallas—may, like queenly Danie, be shut fast up in a tower, Love, be assured, will at last procure a way and steal a passage, most subtly to the heart. And so it is with our lady-queen; many a high suitor, we doubt not, hath, secretly in his chamber, knelt in thought to her, who was the unconfessed divinity of his worship, but herself the while heeded not, neither regarded; till at last—at last there appeared one on the horizon of her destiny, who dazzled her eye, and captured her heart.

At night, on silken pillows couch’d,  
Queen Victory lay dreaming,  
She dream’d that lovers round her came,  
Like kings and princes beaming.  
And through her purpled curtains gaz’d  
The princeliest of the nations,  
Who bow’d with all love’s homagery  
And love’s deep adorations.

And closer each one strove to press,  
His fellow to eclipse.  
The modest seized her hand to kiss,  
The forward prest her lips.

ton  
thin  
our  
two  
tic,  
ther  
inac  
1.  
and  
2.  
some  
3.  
4.  
bear  
5.  
lane  
6.  
wish  
7.  
ety i  
8.  
9.  
broth  
10  
issue  
11  
will  
marr  
“Ear  
The  
Fo  
cellem  
have  
Sprin  
showe  
world  
sweet  
of con  
rich c  
wonder  
we ha  
as bef  
us wi  
by the  
we sh  
reader  
where,  
ple pas  
• Vid

She dreamt—and O, that last dear dream  
Most steeped her soul in blisses,  
That one bright youth had pressed her heart  
And touched her lips with kisses.

She dreamt—but hasty muse, forbear,  
Nor queently dreams pursue;  
Yet blest above the gods is he  
Who proves such visions true.

For still the bright youth's lineaments  
That through her slumbers gleamed,  
Have ever since upon her heart  
In lovely colours beamed.

And thence this portrait\*—from that one  
That on her bosom shineth,  
Which art, by dint of magic skill,  
With its *Mirror* shineth.

Well, let the old churl and grey-beard de-  
tonate against marriage, we are of those who  
think it beatitudinal. Jacobus de Voragine,  
our old acquaintance, thought so too, and his  
twelve arguments on its benefits are so pathet-  
ic, succinct, elegant, and novel, that we write  
them down, and recommend Prince Albert to  
inscribe them on a corner of his heart's tablet.

1. Hast thou means! thou hast one to keep  
and increase it.

2. Hast none! thou hast one to help to get  
some.

3. Art thou in prosperity! she doubles it.

4. Art in adversity! she'll comfort, assist,  
bear part.

5. Art thou at home! she'll drive away me-  
lancholy.

6. Art thou abroad! she prays for thee,  
wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy.

7. Nothing is delightful alone. No society  
is equal to marriage.

8. The bond of conjugal love is adamant.

9. Kindred is increased, parents doubled,  
brothers, sisters, families, heirs.

10. Thou art a father, by a happy and legal  
issue.

11. If nature escape not punishment, thy  
will shall not avoid it: as he sung it, without  
marriage.—

"Earth, air, sea, land, oft-soon will come to nought,  
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

For the happy realization of the above ex-  
cellent maxims, we shall not, it is believed,  
have long to wait. The first outbreak of the  
Spring sun-gleams and the fall of her diamond  
showers, will form the best epithalamium in the  
world, and Southey's muse will furnish no  
sweeter. Meanwhile, the wedding-cake will,  
of course, be in preparative make, and its  
rich confectionaries commixed, leaving us to  
wonder who will be the baker. Furthermore  
we have not to say, save that if her majesty,  
as befits her grace and condescension, honour  
us with a complimentary slice, accompanied  
by the fair cards of herself and Prince Albert,  
we shall not be backward in informing our  
readers how the cake eats, the cards look, or  
where, and after what manner, the serene cou-  
ple pass their regal honeymoon. W. A.

\* Vide our last Number, for Prince Albert's Portrait.

## DESCRIPTION OF A STORM,

IN A LETTER TO BECKY PAGE.

(From Hood's truly amusing work, "Up the Rhine.")

"DEAR BECKY.—Littel did I think I shud  
ever ever ever rite you again! We have all  
bean on eternitty's brinx. Such a terrifickle  
storm! \* \* They do say elevin other ves-  
sels floundered off the Hooks of Holland in  
the same tempest with all their cruise. It  
begun in the arternoon, and prevaled all nite,  
—sich a nite O Grashus! \* \* At sich cri-  
sisus theres nothin like religun and if I re-  
peted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundred  
times over and never wunce right. You may  
gudge by that of my orrifide state, besides  
ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew  
black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my  
last agny I confest every partical I had ever  
dun,—about John Putman and all. Luckily  
Missus was too much decomposed to atend to  
it but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my  
days. O Becky its awful work when it comes  
to sich a full unbuzzoming and you stand be-  
fore your own eyes stript naked to the verry  
bottom of your sole. Wat seemed the inno-  
centest things turn as black as coles. Even  
Luvvers look armless but they ant wen all  
their kissis cum to fly in your face. Makin  
free with trifles is the same. Littel did I  
think when I give away an odd lofe it would  
lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of  
Missus's tea and sugger seams no grate mat-  
ter partickly if youve agreed to find yure  
own, but as I no by experience evry ownce  
will turn to a pound of led in repentin. That  
wickid caddy Key giv me menny a turn, and  
I made a pint as soon as the storm abadid to  
chuck it into the botomless otion. I do trust  
Becky you will foller my xampel and give up  
watever goes agin yure consins. if I name  
the linnin I trust youl excuse. Charrrity kivers  
a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a char-  
rity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters  
providid its not torn a purpus witch I fear is  
sum times the case. Pray say the like from  
me to Mister Butler up at the Hall, he will  
take a Miss I no,—partickly as I hav drunk  
unbeknown wine along with him, but wen  
yure at yure last pint wat is Port in a storm!  
Won minit yure a livin cretur, and the next  
you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of  
Wales. The only comfort I had besides Cria-  
stianity was to give Missus warnin witch I did  
over and over between her attax. No wagis  
on earth could reckonale me to a sea goin  
place. \* \* But I mite as well have tould  
the ship to soot itself as my Misses. I verrily  
beleave from her wild starin at me she did not  
no wether I talked English or French. At  
last Martha says she we are goin to a world  
where there is no sitivations. Wat an idear!  
But our superiors are always shy of our so-  
ciety, as if even hevins abuv was too good for  
servents. \* \*

"Howsumever here we are thenk providens  
on dry land if so it can be cauld dry that is



half ditchis and cannals, at a forrin city, by name Rotter D—m. But I shouldn't prefer to settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirtin at the walls with littel fire ingins, but I suppose with their moist climt the houses wouldn't be holesum if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furniter is kep like span new without speek or spot, it must be sumbody's work to kill all the flies. To my mind the peple are over clean as John Futman said when his master objected to his thumb mark on the hedge of the plate. \* \* As respects vittles, we do verry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sic a mashy forren country for fear of eating Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of sittin with a lited charcole stow under yure pette-cots! Its the only way they have for airin their linnin,—tho' it looks more like a new cooky reecat for How to smoke yure Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind luv to all, includin John Futman, I romane in haste, my dear Becky Yure loving frend,

MARTHA PENNY."

#### ON VISITING THE VALLEY OF VAUCLUSE.

[ARCHDEACON ALISON, in his celebrated Essay on Taste, has very poetically, and, I think, justly, ascribed our profoundest impressions of the sublime and beautiful, to the association of ideas. This principle he has illustrated by a variety of quotations, both striking and appropriate. One of the most beautiful of these is an extract from a French poem, in which the author describes his emotions on visiting the Valley of Vaucluse, celebrated from its having been the temporary abode of the poet Petrarch, and the scene of the most touching incidents of his life. This poem I have translated from the original, and shall now transcribe.]

But that enchanting vale, those fountains pure,  
That cloudless sky, did less my heart allure,  
Than the soft strain, to pensive memory dear,  
Of tender woes that wept their anguish there.  
'Twas Petrarch's love, and Laura's matchless grace,  
That gave such deepening interest to the place.  
Behold that clear unruffled stream, I cried,  
How oft has Petrarch swelled, with sorrow's tide,  
Its peaceful current, as he strayed along  
Its blooming banks, and poured his melting song;  
Whilst the loved lyre's resistless music fell  
O'er the charmed waters, and prolonged the spell.  
Here, when he breathed the language of his sighs  
In Laura's ear, and gazed on Laura's eyes,  
Too soon he saw night's sable curtain close,  
And, ah! too late the blushing morn arose.  
Shall I, amid these lonely rocks, still find  
The dear initials of their names conjoined?  
A grotto's dark recess had struck my view,  
And fancy kindled as the picture grew:  
Till me, I cried, hast thou a witness been  
Of all their fond complaints, and hast thou seen  
The time, when, soothed by hope's illusive strain,  
Their cares took wing, and peace returned again?  
An aged tree, the streamlet's side displayed,  
There, oft, had Laura sought its friendly shade  
When sleep's soft power a transient visit made.  
With Laura's name I made the vale resound,  
And echo had not lost the gentle sound.

Whate'er I viewed, where e'er my footsteps roved,  
Still fancy drew the forms so fondly loved;  
Dipped her and pencil in love's bleeding breast,  
And with that colour tinted all the rest.  
Petrarch and Laura, still, with magic art,  
Haunted each scene, and filled my raptured heart,  
Lent every prospect its bewitching glow,  
And made the crystal fountains clearer flow.

A. C.

#### Manners and Customs.

##### DOMESTIC HABITS OF THE ARABS.

*Given in a Conversation between a Marabout and M. Blanqui.*

THE following is an extract relative to the domestic habits of the Arabs. It is a conversation between a Marabout and M. Blanqui:—  
"The Marabout said he had four wives, two of whom were dead; the third he had sent away, the fourth still remained with him. 'Why did you send away your wife?' said Blanqui, to him.—'I did not like her,' was the only answer.—'Then you have the liberty of sending them away?'—'Yes; if that was not the case, we would not take them; they go back to their family, and we return half the dowry.'—'Do you love one as much as the other?'—'No.'—'And your children?'—'All my children are my children.'—'How do they share your fortune?'—'They inherit it in equal portions, except the girls, who have more, because they are the weakest.'—'Were all your wives white?'—'No; I had a negress.'—'And will the children of the negress inherit as well as the others?'—'Yes; the colour makes no difference; I have already told you all my children are my children.'—'Did you know your wives before you married them?'—'No; I never saw one of them.'—'And how did you choose them?'—'There are old women who tell us in what families there are pretty girls.'—'How does the father induce the daughter to marry?'—'He does not consult her; the daughter obeys the father.'—'When is the stipulated dowry paid to the father?'—'Half is given at the time of the marriage; the other half is kept as a surety; the wife could run away and get a divorce at the end of three months.'—'And if she runs away with a man?'—'She is condemned to death, together with her accomplice.'—'When your wives do not agree, how do you make them obey and live quiet?'—'We reason with them; and if that does not do, we beat them.'—'If there is a divorce, does the wife take back the children?'—'The children are mine; I have to account for them before God.'—'Do you see other women sometimes?'—'Never; we only see our sisters, our daughters, and our nieces.'"

##### FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRUM, AT CALCUTTA.

[In the Confessions of a Thug, just published by Captain Meadows Taylor, which describes the fearful death-doings of this horrid race, allusion is made, at the most interesting part, to the "Festival of Hossein," and Amer Ali

arrives at the city when the inhabitants are celebrating the event. To bring before our readers this startling ceremony, and further to illustrate the work in question, is the intention of the article subjoined.]

The Mohurrum, as it is termed in the vernacular tongue of the Indians, is a festival which the Mahomettans enthusiastically celebrate in remembrance and honour of Hossein, the second son of the prophet, by Fatima. The circumstances which led to this consecrated observance, are these. There being a vacancy in the Caliphate, the inhabitants of Cufa sent an embassy to Hossein, requesting him to accept the throne of his fathers. Hossein, in answer to the invitation, set out immediately from Cufa with his family and troops. Yezzed, a hostile claimant to the same throne, hearing of this, despatched after him an army of ten hundred men, which, posting themselves between Hossein's army and the Euphrates, cut off, by this movement, his supply of water.

Under the sultry skies of Mesopotamia, day by day, through want of the first necessary support of nature, is Hossein, the son of the prophet, pining and wasting away. Vainly did he raise the feeble cry of thirst; there was no hand nigh, even were it to administer a spongy of vinegar. Day after day his troops decreased, till at length, seventy alone stood round their master. It would have been evidently nothing short of an act of utter desperation, with his feeble and emaciated number, to attempt to cut a pathway through the host of Yezzed, which separated them from the flowing waters of El Phraat. Yet, few even as they were, and reduced by thirst and sickness, many encounters were waged by them, and the contest was still upheld by them with invincible boldness. At length, even hope fled. On the tenth of Mohurrum, the well-refreshed and vigorous hosts of Yezzed came closing around them gradually on all sides, with feet swift to shed blood. An arrow at that eventful moment flew from the bow of an Yezzedian archer, and the blue-eyed Asher, the infant son of Hossein, beloved by all for his comeliness, innocence, and beauty, fell lifeless into the arms of his father. This was alone sufficient to have unstrung the sinews of Hossein, but lionlike of courage, he flinched not from the combat, till pierced with wounds, and exhausted by thirst and faintness, he fell sword in hand; on that same day, his head was fixed as a ghastly spectacle on the gates of Damascus, the residence of his rival Yezzed.

The remembrance of these sad events, which so calamitously befell their forefather Hossein, is solemnly kept on the tenth of Mohurrum, by the Mahomettans who attach to his sect. On the first day of this festival, the rostra, or pulpits throughout Calcutta, belonging to those of his persuasion, are occupied by the priests. From these elevated stations, they recite to the listening crowds, the life and actions of

Ali and his son Hossein; they paint in the most impassioned and vivid colouring, the melancholy fate of that son, the second of the prophet; and highly they excite the minds of their hearers by the pathos of their eloquence. Gradually, the audience become moved as the orator himself becomes impassioned; presently a stifled hum of wrath runs through the crowded assembly, waiting for the cessation of the speaker, to break out into force and violence. He finishes his harangue. No breast is there in that large assembly, but is struck with frantic violence in token of their harrowed feelings—they weep, the women weep, pouring the plentiful tears at the death of that royal infant; then arises a doleful cadence, descriptive of pain and anguish and lamentation, and they cry out in lugubrious accents, like the women who wept for Tammuz, "Heif az Hossein," "Alas, alas, for Hossein."

During each day of this solemnity, some particular act of the story is represented by people selected for personating the different characters concerned; effigies and large machines are carried in procession through the streets; crowds follow, personating the armies of Yezzed and of Hossein, each under their respective banners and ensigns. One pageant represents the Caliph Yezzed sumptuously enthroned and surrounded by shining troops; every part of the machinery, though constructed merely for the occasion, is furnished with silver and gold, and in point of grandeur and splendid scenery, the whole exhibition is showy and gaudy in the extreme.

On some occasions the sacred pigeons, with their fair white and blue plumage, and which the pious Mussulmen believe to have carried the news of Hossein's death to Medina, are represented with their milk-white beaks reddened with his blood, confirmatory of their intelligence. "On other days," says a recent traveller, "the holy horses, on which Hossein and his princely brother Abbas are supposed to have rode, are represented to the people, and are painted as covered thickly with scars and gashes, and pierced with countless shafts. By such vivid representations as these, the zeal of the multitude is raised to a degree of ardour approaching to frenzy; some, like the ancient priests of Baal, inflict voluntary wounds upon themselves; some engage in conflicts with naked weapons, seeming to court and solicit death; and not a few, during the course of the Mohurrum, are slain; and as often as this happens, it is their uniform belief that the souls of the deceased are instantaneously wafted to Paradise. The more rigid and pious of the Mahomettans abstain almost entirely from water during the ten days of this solemnity, in commemoration of the dreadful sufferings endured by this holy Saint Hossein from the want of that element.

On the tenth day, the coffins of those slain in battle are brought forth, stained with blood; on these are laid the glittering scimitar and turban of the deceased, decorated with noble

plumery. Then follows the opening of the tomb, the shovelling in of the heavy earth on the hollow lid, and the last dread shutting of the door which fastens the mansion of the grave.

After this committal to the earth of the fancied remains of their revered Hossein, the priests again mount the pulpits, and again read that nervous and pathetic history. And the whole terrific service winds up with dark blasphemies, curses, and anathemas heaped on the head of Caliph Yezzed and his adherents.

W. A.

### Biography.

#### LIFE OF MOLIERE.

(Concluded from page 330.)

MOLIERE, after prosecuting his career for some time in the North of France, approached the capital, where he secretly nourished the hope of bettering his condition, and increasing his reputation; he entered it in 1658, and again received the protection of his august college companion, and through his instrumentality acquired still higher patronage; that of his Highness the King's brother, and finally that of the King himself.

There existed at this time in Paris a society which bore the name of l'hôtel de Rambouillet, where it held its meetings. This society, which began under the ministry of Cardinal Richelieu, was the model by which all formed at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. were constituted. The same form existed everywhere; and Molière, from the very commencement of his career, sought to change it. When we call to mind, says M. Pettitot, that the most exalted personages of the court thought it an honour to belong to this society; that in Paris, as in the provinces, one was never thought of the *bon ton*, unless imitating this; that the celebrated Montansier had married Mademoiselle de Rambouillet; that Bossuet and Montansier first became known from this society; then may we arrive at something like a just estimate of Molière's influence, when we see him daring to attack with ridicule that which had maintained its sway for so long a time. Affected delicacy, puerile research for forms of expression, grave dissertations on worthless subjects, romantic topics formed the staple of conversation amongst the members of this celebrated society. Molière had the good fortune to obtain admittance, and had also plenty of leisure to note their proceedings, which he has so well portrayed in "les Précieuses Ridicules," written in 1659, in which he attacks, with much spirit, the absurdities of the hotel de Rambouillet. One might almost suppose, that the affected jargon of Tripollus in the "Femmes Savantes," one of Molière's best pieces, was exaggerated, but a single extract will dissipate this idea. Triestotin, at his entrance in the first scene of

the fourth act of the "Femmes Savantes," says to Philaminte,

"Nous l'avons en dormant Madame échappé belle  
Un monde auprès de nous est passé tout de long."

He then imitates an absurdity of the hotel, which consisted in conversing among themselves on the phenomenons of nature in a light and frivolous tone. Some wiseacres having thought they had discovered some spots on the sun's disc, this mighty discovery excited no small stir in the society. One day, Voiture being there, and being asked by Madame Rambouillet if he had any news, replied, Madame, the news is all about the sun's spots. The following is Voiture's compliment to Madame Rambouillet,—"It seems to me that you resemble yourself, like as two drops of water, the sea and you; there is, however, this difference, that the sea, all vast and grand as it is, has its limits, and that you have none; for all those who have the pleasure of knowing you, acknowledge that your greatness of soul and fertility of genius have no end or restriction." Such was the language which then infested good society, and from which Molière has for ever banished it.

The comedy of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," succeeded to the utmost expectations of its author: so great was its popularity, that people came to Paris from twenty leagues round to see it. The profit was so immense, that after its second performance the comedians were paid double. It was at the second representation that an old gentleman, unable to resist his admiration, exclaimed from the middle of the pit, Courage! courage, Molière! what a splendid comedy!

His "Don Garcie de Navarre," an heroic comedy, published shortly after, had a less degree of applause; but he soon made up for this by the success of "l'Ecole des Maris," a comedy of manners, character, and intrigue. The Adelphi of Terence had furnished him with the primary idea for this piece, but all the rest is his exclusively. "This piece," says a contemporary whom we have before cited, "we must consider as one of his *chefs d'œuvres*, the most elevated, with the same perfection both in style, personification of the characters, and in the general arrangements of the intrigue."

It was in 1666 that his reputation was at its height. This year, the "Misanthrope," and "Le Médecin malgré lui," appeared; the latter of which is, perhaps, the most amusing of our author's comedies.

At this time, Molière was very far from being happy. Knowing the follies of mankind, and picturing them with such fidelity and exactitude, he was still by no means exempt from them himself, and had had the weakness to marry a lady young enough for his daughter, whose imprudent conduct caused him much uneasiness, so much so, that he differed little from his Arnolphe and Leganarelle, in whom he has so well portrayed love and jealousy. To these domestic annoyances were soon after



added the trials and persecutions he endured on the performance of his best comedy, perhaps the best ever written, "*Le Tartuffe*." On the second day of the first presentation, (1667,) an order came from the first President to prohibit its performance. Attracted by the success of the first night, a great number had assembled to see, in their turn, this beautiful comedy, and, of course, Molière had to render them some apology for its non-performance, which he did in these terms,—"Gentlemen, we were about to show you the *Hypocrite*, but monsieur the President will not allow us to perform it."

In his *Amphytrion*, (1688,) he imitates the *chef d'œuvre* of Plautus, and he surpasses it. In the "*Avare*," (1688,) he borrowed from the Latin comedy the idea of a character which he rendered more dramatic and moral;—that of an intrigue, which he made much more lively and piquant. To these followed, in quick succession, *George Dandin*, *Monsieur Pourceaugnac*, *les Amans magnifiques*, and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Molière's health now beginning to decline, he remained as much as possible at his retreat at Auteuil. It was there that a very singular scene occurred, which is related in all its details by Louis Racine, Boileau, Chapelle, and La Fontaine, were supping with Molière, who did his utmost to make things agreeable for them; but, for all that, he observed that there was a kind of uneasiness on their minds. The wine having thrown them into a serious humour, they began to reflect on the miseries of life, and next on that maxim of the ancient; *the first happiness is to have never been born; the second of dying quickly*: they at last determined on the heroic resolution of going out immediately to precipitate themselves into the river; they accordingly set out, and were not far distant from the river, when Molière represented to them with much *sang froid*, that so good an action ought not to be performed in the obscurity of night, and that it would be of much greater merit if performed at daylight. They stopped, and said, looking at each other: *He is right*; "*Yes, Sirs,*" replied Chapelle, "*we only delay it till to-morrow, and in the mean time let us have some of the wine that remains*." The following day, as Molière had presumed, their ideas were altered, and they judged it best to support the miseries of life.

"*Le Malade Imaginaire*," terminated his dramatic career. It is an excellent comedy, which degenerates into a farce; the two first acts are a table of human existence; the last is an improbable masquerade. On the day of the fourth performance of "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," Molière suffered more than ordinary in his lungs. They tried to persuade him not to play, but their efforts were ineffectual; he did play, and in the course of the performance, at the very moment as he was uttering the word *Juro*, he was seized with a convulsion, which he attempted in vain to hide

under a forced laugh. They immediately carried him home, where he was attended with the utmost care; but all was useless, and he died soon after, suffocated with the blood which issued from his mouth in torrents. This was on Friday, the 17th February, 1673, he being only 51 years old. Many anecdotes are related of his generosity, which sufficiently show the amiability of his character.

The rites of sepulture were at first refused to Molière, but the king prevailed on the Archbishop of Paris to allow them, on condition that the ceremony should be celebrated without any pomp. He was accordingly buried by two priests, who accompanied the body, without chanting, in the cemetery behind the Chapel of St. Joseph, Rue Montmartre. Even on the morning of his interment his wife had been obliged to appease the rage of a bigoted mob, which had assembled at her door, by flinging out a hundred pistoles. It is scarcely possible to read the treatment of Molière's remains without indignation. G. M. W.

### Sports and Pastimes.

CORSICAN HUNT IN THE VALLEES OF THE MAZZOLINO AND LUZZOPEJO, NEAR CALVI.

THE hunters, departing from Calenzana at daybreak, arrived by evening in the valley of Mazzolino, where they encamped for the night. As soon as dawn began to appear, four peasants were sent out with dogs to beat the bush, while the hunters repaired to different posts marked out for them by Mr. Joseph Marini, director of the chase, and one of the most skilful and distinguished huntsmen of Corsica. I must remark here, sir, that hunting has not been carried to the same perfection with us as with you; that depends chiefly on the nature of the country. Thus, among us, all hunts, whether of the stag, of the wild boar, or even small game, are conducted in nearly the same way; always on foot, without horn or trumpet. We have no other means of rousing the wild animals than the cries of the dogs and the men—no other means of getting at them but the musket and the ambush.

The thickets, which we call *mackies*, are so intricate and extensive, that it would be quite impossible for us to follow the game on horseback, or to use any other method of reaching it but a foot-chase. While one part of the huntsmen is engaged in tracking and starting the animals, another lies in ambush at certain points, where they know beforehand the game must pass, and in that way it is always the musket that does service. Sometimes it happens that they rouse a stag, wound it, but cannot secure the prey; such is the strength of that animal, that, though covered with wounds, and losing much blood, it escapes the pursuit of the boldest huntsmen. So that, if care were not taken to start boars, hares, and partridges, at the same time with a stag, we should be often

obliged to return to our tents with empty hands, without having gratified the vanity of a sportsman.

The huntsmen then were at their respective posts, and the quest was followed with ardour and determination. A signal was soon made from the heights, and a stag of prodigious size appeared. The dogs at once set on him in the plain, and he was immediately hit by several balls. His strength, for a moment, seemed doubled; but it soon deserted him, and he fell exhausted on the bank of a rivulet. While some of the huntsmen were busy with the stag, another set took aim at a herd of wild boars, which now showed itself in great force; eighty were counted; but between the difficulty of the ground, and the disorder introduced among the huntsmen by the different movements made to reach the wounded stag, we could only kill four. The others, part of which were wounded, effected their escape.

We now turned our attention to the smaller game. We advanced in the direction of the beautiful valley of Mazzolino, where the localities are so favourable, and the game in such great abundance, that, in a few hours, we killed fifteen hares and about one hundred partridges. The manager of the hunt, Mr. Joseph Marini, had his firelock still loaded, while the huntsmen were passing from one valley to the other; a covey of partridges suddenly rose; he fired at one, and hit it at the junction of the neck, which he severed from the body. I state this fact that you may remark the address of our huntsmen.

This hunt, favoured by splendid weather, which is very general in our country, was one of the luckiest that has been known. The valleys of Mazzolino and Luzzopeja approach the sea on the side of Galeria. The Faugo, a river which crosses a part of the forest, throws itself into the gulf below the town of Génolis, and forms in that place a kind of marsh, bordered by willows, on which the wild vine climbs; the spot is full of water-fowl, and you may have excellent sport there with the mallard, the sea-duck, and a particular kind of wild-geese.—*Times*.

### The Naturalist.

#### THE PROTEUS.

PROFESSOR JULES CLOQUET has brought with him from the grotto of Adelsberg, not one *proteus*, but five, two only of which, however, have reached Paris alive. We have seen these curious reptiles, and have been highly interested. They have the form of a salamander, or lizard, about six or seven inches long; their heads are flattish, and resemble those of an adder. They are either entirely blind, or at least, no vestige of eyes can be observed. At the sides of the head are *branchia*, which float about in the water, and are not unlike small coral branches; their feet are very short and flexible; the fore ones

having three fingers, the hinder only two. The tail is flattened transversely, is semi-transparent, and endowed with great mobility. Two of these creatures are of a fine white colour, tinged with pink; the third is black, and was given to the Professor by a chymist of Trieste, who had kept it exposed to a feeble light for several months, thereby causing the change of colour. These reptiles keep themselves, in general, quite tranquil at the bottom of the water, and come, from time to time, to the surface to breathe, making a slight gurgling noise when they do so. They sink by allowing a portion of air to escape by means of the *branchia*. When the water is disturbed, they quit their apparent state of torpor, and move about with the greatest rapidity, sometimes putting their bodies partially out of the water, and then plunging again with the greatest quickness. Some distinguished naturalists intend carefully to examine these reptiles, the habits of which are so little known, and which have hitherto been found only in the subterranean waters of Carniola.—*French Paper*.

### The Public Journals.

#### Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

[Blackwood and T. Cadell.]

[Unquestionably "Blackwood's" is the most splendidly-intellectual periodical of the day; for deepness of research and brilliancy of imagination it is without a parallel; and, giant-like, handles the most difficult and obstructive passages with that playful ease indicative of a powerful mind. In No. cxcx. is a chapter, entitled *Dinner, Real and Reputed*; from which we extract the following remarks:—]

#### Origin of Roast Pig in China.

We have always admired, and always shall admire, as the very best of all human stories, Charles Lamb's account of the origin of *roast pig* in China. Ching Ping, it seems, had suffered his father's house to be burned down: the outhouses were burned along with the house; and in one of these the pigs, by accident, were roasted to a turn. Memorable were the results for all future China and future civilization. Ping, who (like all China beside) had hitherto eaten his pig raw, now for the first time tasted it in a state of torrefaction. Of course he made his peace with his father by a part (tradition says a leg) of the new dish. The father was so astounded with the discovery, that he burned his house down once a-year for the sake of coming at an annual banquet of roast pig. A curious prying sort of a fellow, one Chang Pang, got to know of this. He also burned down a house with a pig in it, and had his eyes opened. The secret was ill kept. The discovery spread. Many great conversions were made. Houses were blazing in every part of the Celestial Empire. The insurance offices took the matter up. One Chong Pong, detected in the very act of shutting up a pig in his drawing-room, and then

firing a train, was indicted on a charge of arson. The chief-justice of Peking, on that occasion, requested an officer of the court to hand him a piece of the roast pig, the *corpus delicti*; for pure curiosity led him to taste: but within two days after it was observed that his lordship's town-house was burned down. In short, all China apostatized to the new faith; and it was not until some centuries had passed, that a great genius arose, who established the second era in the history of roast pig, by showing that it could be had without burning down a house.

#### Dinner Time, 1700—1839.

In 1700, a large part of London took a meal at two P. M., and another at seven or eight P. M. In 1839, a large part of London is still doing the very same thing, taking one meal at two, and another at seven or eight. But the names are entirely changed: the two o'clock meal used to be called *dinner*, and is now called *luncheon*; the eight o'clock meal used to be called *supper*, and is now called *dinner*.

Precisely as the rebellion of 1745 arose, did people (but observe, very great people) advance to four P. M. Pope complained to a friend of Lady Suffolk, whom he loved, dining so late. Cowper, in his poem on conversation, written about 1780, or a little earlier, mentions four as the elegant hour for dinner. About 1804-5, the colleges at Oxford dined at three and four, till about Waterloo, six was promoted to the fixed station of dinner-time in ordinary; and there, perhaps, it will rest for centuries. For a more festal dinner, seven, eight, nine, or ten have been in requisition.

#### The Roman Toga.

The Roman was the iddest of men. "Man and boy," he was "an idler in the land." He called himself and his pals "*rerum dominos, gentemque togatam*;" the *gentry that wore the toga*. Yes, and a pretty affair that "*toga*" was. Just figure to yourself, reader, the picture of a hard-working man, with horny hands like our hodgers, ditchers, weavers, porters, &c., setting to work on the high-road in that vast, sweeping toga, filling with a strong gale, like the mainsail of a frigate. Conceive the roars with which this magnificent figure would be received into the bosom of a poor-house detachment, sent out to attack the stones on some new line of road, or a fatiguing party of dustmen sent upon secret service. Had there been nothing left as a memorial of the Romans but that one relic—their immeasurable toga,—we should have known that they were born and bred to idleness. In fact, except in war, the Roman never did any thing at all but sun himself.

\* "*Immeasurable toga*." It is very true, that in the time of Augustus, the toga had disappeared amongst the lowest plebs, and greatly Augustus was shocked at that spectacle. It is a very curious fact in itself, especially as expounding the main cause of the civil wars. Mere poverty, and the absence of bribery from Rome, whilst all popular competition for offices drooped, can alone explain this remarkable revolution of dress.

#### LIBRARY OF FERRARA.

(From Volney's Travels in India.)

The number of volumes is about eighty thousand, and of manuscripts nine hundred. The rooms are beautiful, and the volumes in perfect condition. In the first of the three large rooms are the portraits of Ferrarese cardinals, eighteen in number; among them may be remarked that of Ippolito d'Este, said to be a good geometrician for his day, the unworthy Mecenas of Ariosto. \* \* The cardinal's physiognomy and black beard by no means contradict the well-known gibe he is said to have uttered when Ariosto presented his poem to him, a word, moreover, in strict conformity with Italian manners. \* \* A room more interesting than this gallery of cardinals, is that of the Ferrarese authors, from the oldest down to Monti and Cicognara. \* \* The collection of writings, minor pieces, and papers, of the Ferrarese authors, is nearly complete. There are the manuscripts, fragments of some cantos of the *Furioso*, (as the Italians call Orlando,) covered with corrections. Ariosto always revised and polished his poem, although he might have sought the advice of Bembo, (who had advised him to write in Latin,) Molza, Navagero, and other distinguished wits of Italy; he kept the first edition of it in one of his apartments, that he might take the advice of his visitors. The twenty-first and seven following strophes of Canto 11, on the invention of gunpowder, have fewer erasures: the strophe,

Come trovasti, o scellerata e brutta,

has not even a single correction; but it seems the manuscript here has been transcribed from the first sketch by Ariosto himself, for the passage is very elaborate. It may be observed that the poet showed some independence in this eloquent imprecation against artillery, as the Duke Alfonso, a martial prince, paid great attention to his cannon foundry, and had the finest train then existing. Alfieri, bending reverentially before the manuscript, obtained permission to inscribe the words *Vittorio Alfieri vide e venerò 18 giugno 1783*. The custode, a singularly solemn and pathetic personage, expressing himself *con la cantilena romana*, shows even the trace of a tear shed by Alfieri. The manuscript of the *Scholastica*, one of Ariosto's comedies, is very little corrected; but this piece was incomplete when he died, and his brother Gabriele finished it. \* \* The manuscript of the satires is in good preservation, and curious for the different corrections in the poet's own hand. Ariosto's arm-chair and inkstand are kept in the library; the elegance of the latter, in bronze, strikingly contrasts with the homely simplicity of the walnut-tree chair; the inkstand, a present from Alfonso, and said to be cast from a drawing by Ariosto, is surmounted by a little Cupid, with the forefinger of the right hand laid on his lips. Several of Ariosto's biographers pretend, that this silent Cupid is an emblem of his discretion in his love intrigues. \* \* There

is another manuscript in the library of Ferrara not less worthy than Ariosto's of Alfieri's devout inscription; it is the *Gerusalemme*, corrected by Tasso's own hand during his captivity. The words *Laus Deo* are written by the unfortunate poet at the end of his almost sacred manuscript. There are a great many suppressed passages in it, and several successive pages are sometimes crossed out. \* \* Among the other manuscripts of Tasso are nine letters, dated from the hospital of Saint Anne; I saw the following verses exhibited, written also from his prison to the Duke Alfonso, the *magnanimous Alfonso*!

Piangi il morir, nè piangi il morir solo,  
Ma il Molo, e la mia fe', che mal rimbomba,  
Chè col nome veder sepolta parmi.  
Nè piramidi, o Mete, o di Mausoleo,  
Mi saria di conforto aver la tomba,  
Ch' altre molli innalzar creden co' carmi.

One must read these verses of Tasso in his own handwriting, at Ferrara, to feel the sorrow, desolation, and anguish, that they express. \* \* The manuscript of Guarini's *Pastor Fido* seems subordinate and vulgar beside those of Ariosto and Tasso. \* \* The manuscript of the *Pastor Fido* was sent by Guarini to his protégé, Leonardo Salvati, President of the Academy *Della Crusca*, the unlucky reviser of Boccaccio and Zoilus of Tasso, who made some few corrections, on the manuscript, chiefly grammatical, to which Guarini did not in every instance accede. \* \* Lord Byron mentions, as existing at the library of Ferrara, a letter from Titian to Ariosto, which I deeply regretted not being able to find. \* \* The letter, pretended to be Titian's, inserted in the *Giornale delle provincie Venete* of the year 1825, is only by his pupil and secretary, the Venetian Giovanni Maria Verdizotti, a clever landscape painter; it is not addressed to Ariosto, but his nephew Orazio. It treats of the *Gerusalemme liberata*, and is dated in the month of February, 1588, being more than fifty years posterior to Ariosto's death, and twelve after Titian's. The ancient choir book of the Carthusians is now in the library; it forms eighteen atlas volumes, covered with brilliant miniatures, the work of Cosmè's school. A *Bible*, in one volume, apparently by the same artists, is equally large and magnificent. The library of Ferrara is rich in first editions of Ariosto, having as many as fifty-two. Bayle, and other protestant writers, are wrong in accusing Leo X. of having, almost at the same time, expressed his approbation of the profane *Furioso* by a bull, and anathematised Luther and his books. The pope's bull affixed to the first edition is only a privilege, a guarantee against piracy; there is no question of excommunicating the critics of the poem, as some have pretended, but only those who might print and sell it without the author's consent; it is the act of a prince, not of a pontiff. The anathemas of Leo X., too, against Luther, were long subsequent to this first edition. \* \* The library of Ferrara offers a great number of fine editions

of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and such rarities are well placed there. Ferrara was one of the most illustrious towns that cherished printing in its infancy; its first editions closely followed those of Rome and Venice; it had even an advantage over the greater number of Italian towns to which the first printers were strangers; its own Andrea Gallo, who printed in 1471, and very correctly, the *Commentaries* of Servius on Virgil, in folio, and the *Achilleid* of Statius, the existence of which has been erroneously disputed, was a native of Ferrara. The second printer of Ferrara, Agostino Carnerio, was also, very probably, of that town; he first printed Boccaccio's *Thesoid*, with the *Commentaries* of Pietro Andrea de Bassi, another Ferrarese. Such a circumstance announces already a kind of literary glory and prosperity at Ferrara, though Bassi's *Commentary* is too prolix, the edition illigant, and this first attempt of *ottava rima*, said to be created by Boccaccio, was faulty and ungraceful, still far distant from the harmonious octaves of Ariosto and Tasso, which were composed on the same spot that saw the first printed. The following year, 1476, a Hebrew printing-office was established at Ferrara, by Duke Ercole I., some years after the elder Aldus, before settling at Venice, had attended the lessons of Giambattista Guarini at Ferrara; he was indebted to this clever master for his ability to publish, in after days, such excellent Greek editions, and to compose his Greek Grammar, which is still esteemed. According to the *Ricerche bibliografiche sulle edizioni Ferraresi del sec. XV.* of S. Antonelli, under-librarian of Ferrara, published in 1830, more than a hundred editions were given during the first thirty years of the fifteenth century, by nine printers, a number much above the present. One of the chief rarities of the library of Ferrara, is the *Musculorum humani corporis picturata dissectio*, by the great Ferrarese anatomist, physician, and surgeon, of the sixteenth century, Giambattista Canani, who had some faint idea of the circulation of the blood, an undated edition, without imprint, but most likely of 1541, illustrated with plates, engraved by the celebrated Geronimo Carpi.

#### GEOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

A BEAUTIFUL specimen of the fir tribe has just been dug from the Stevenson freestone quarry. The trunk, stems, and leaves, are as perfectly formed and portrayed in this piece of solid rock, as those now growing in the neighbourhood. This tree, along with a cluster of nuts, five in number, which composed part of the stone, was thirty feet from the surface, being twenty feet below the present level of the sea. The nuts and the leaves, stem and trunk, are of a dark-brown colour; while the surrounding body of the stone is a bluish-white, which gives these fragments the appearance of the finest fresco painting.—*Ayr Observer*.

AB  
The  
rema  
whic  
ture  
in hi  
and  
exqu  
we a  
gists  
right  
side  
a pie  
expe  
mens  
temp  
ere,  
mire  
that  
cible  
thou  
him!  
H  
sion,  
press  
Wha  
he d  
he n  
end,  
light  
to h  
of ar  
I  
Faul  
celeb  
to hi  
hous  
very  
says  
six v  
chin  
door  
out  
frequ  
F  
were  
could  
surre  
short  
of h  
ness,  
the r  
Li  
calle  
Luth  
He  
more  
venic

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS  
OF A BOOKWORM.

## EMINENT PERSONS.

## LINNÆUS.

THE head of this celebrated botanist had a remarkable protuberance behind. His hair, which was white in infancy, became, in maturer years, of a brownish hue, and eventually in his old age, grey. His eyes were penetrating, and of a hazel colour—their power of vision exquisite. To complete the minute description, we are informed in the "Lives of the Zoologists," that he had an obliterated wart on the right cheek, and another on the corresponding side of the nose. We are further served with a piece of information, we should the less have expected, as the favourite occupation of Linnæus, would have led us to suppose that his temper and disposition were mild as his flowers, calm and serene as the nature he so admired, and loved to study. But it appears that it was far otherwise, for he was of an irascible temperament, and even once had serious thoughts of killing a man—of assassinating him!

His mind was easily excited, either by passion, fear or sorrow, but fortunately the impression was seldom of any continuance. What struck him as worthy of investigation, he did investigate with untiring perseverance; he never relinquished till he had obtained his end, or solved the difficulty. His step was light, and distinguished for activity. He left the whole management of his domestic affairs to his wife.—Nature's productions alone were of any moment to him.

## LUTHER, MELANCTHON, AND ZUINGLIUS.

I have once before quoted Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner relative to the dwelling-place of a celebrated character, I must now again refer to him for a description of the great reformer's house. It stands in Marburg, and is still in a very perfect condition. "It is a corner house," says Sir Arthur, "about four stories high, with six windows in front, and the lower part is a china shop." Zuinglius, it appears, lived next door, and you may be shown the very windows out of which these two extraordinary men held frequent conversation.

From an old authority, the eyes of Luther were of such remarkable brilliancy, that few could look at them unmoved; we are even assured that one sent to murder him, stopped short with amazement, and that "for the life of him, he could not do his treacherous business," in such a lively manner did the eyes of the reformer flash.

Like most men whose pursuits necessarily called forth the utmost energies of the mind, Luther was of a very abstemious temperament. He could spend whole days without eating a morsel of food, and yet feel but slight inconvenience. "I have seen him," says Melan-

thon, "in a state of good health, continue four days together without eating or drinking any thing at all, and many days together to content himself with a little bread and a single herring." But notwithstanding the greatness of his mind, Luther was possessed with the superstitions of the time. Melancthon, who was his best friend, and whose gentleness often checked his warm and precipitate measures, has related many instances in which his illustrious friend has either thought himself directly thwarted in his views by Satan, or has sustained a terrible conflict with the great disturber of man's happiness. Melancthon himself, be it understood, was a firm believer in the same illusions, and has handed down to us some instances on his own account. The following is, perhaps, one of the most striking. It appears that he had an aunt, who, sitting sad by the fire one night, after her husband's death, there entered two persons in the house, one of which bore the resemblance of her lately departed husband. The other was an abbot. "The husband came to the fire-side, saluted his wife, and bade her fear nothing, for that he only came to give orders for some things; whereupon, having wished the monk to withdraw, he wished her to hire a certain priest, to say masses for his soul's health, and then desired her to give him her hand. The frightened woman durst not, but he, promising that she should receive no hurt, she then complied with his desire. But though she had no hurt upon her hand, yet by that touch it seemed so burnt, that it was black to the day of her death!"

Manlius, who was intimate with Melancthon, has narrated, from his own personal relation, *ce qui s'ensuit*.—Theodorus Gaza, by the gift of Pope Nicholas V., had a farm in Campagne. In this farm a labourer had dug up an urn containing some bones. "There appeared to him a spirit, who commanded him to re-inter that urn, and if he refused to do it, his son should die. When the labourer neglected to do as he was bid, soon after his son was found dead. Some days after, the spirit appeared to him, threatening that he would kill his other son, unless he should bury those bones where he found them. The labourer, admonished by what had befallen him, and perceiving that his other son already sickened, told the matter to Theodorus Gaza. He went with him to the farm, and in the same place where they were found, he committed again to the earth, both the bones and the urn, which done, the son recovered."

Before relating any anecdote concerning Luther, it would be as well, perhaps, to promise that he, the great reformer, not only often expected a visit from the devil, but even went so far as to believe that flies were devils—the poor man must have been rather annoyed on a hot summer's day; few people would relish being possessed of such a thought.

There is actually to this day, a room to be



seen in some town of Germany, the name of which I forgot, one whole side of which is quite bespattered with ink. The reformer, who, in his holy work, expected opposition from all quarters, and from the enemy of mankind, of course, chiefly, here threw his inkstand at him, as he stood behind his chair, looking at what he was writing. Fortunately for the devil, he had the power to make himself suddenly invisible, or he might have returned to his dominions in a somewhat impaired condition; perhaps he would not have returned at all, what then!

Melancthon, however, in a very serious strain, gives the following account of a real visit, a visit in which his Satanic majesty condescended to speak, and hold a conference with the reformer. This time he was disguised in a monk's garb. It would appear, first, that he was polite enough to knock at Luther's street door, which, having been opened by a servant, he requested an interview with the master of the house. Luther bade him come in, and inquired his business. He told him that he had some papistical errors, about which he desired some conference with him, and propounded some syllogisms, which Luther having solved with ease, he offered others, which were not so easily solved. Luther, somewhat angry, broke out in these words: "You give me a great deal of trouble, for I have other business in hand which I should dispatch," and withal rising from his seat, he showed the explication of that point which was urged by the monk; and in this conference perceiving that the monk's hands were like the claws of a bird: "Art thou he, then?" said he; "listen to that sentence which is pronounced against thee;" and straightway Luther showed him that passage in Genesis, "the seed of the woman shall break the head of the serpent," and then added, "nor shalt thou devour them all." The devil, angry at this saying, departed.

Luther was coarse in some of his modes of expression, especially when irritated at aspersions cast on any of his opinions. The fashion indeed seemed to have prevailed at that time to have recourse to low and vituperative terms to enforce conviction either on the party addressed or the world at large. Calvin thought it not beneath him to address Luther in such terms as these: "Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs; dog, do you understand me! Do you understand me, madman! do you understand me, you great beast!" and Salmasius was in hopes of injuring the fair reputation of our immortal Milton by styling him, "a puny piece of man, an homunculus, a dwarf deprived of the human figure, a bloodless being, composed but of skin and bone, a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys." Latimer, and other eminent divines of that age, it is well known, frequently resorted to low common-place comparisons, in order to impart to their discourses the neces-

sary degree of force and effect. But Luther would seem to have surpassed them all; he was not only "*fortiter in re*," but "*fortiter in modo*," he spared neither king nor subject, and made no more matter of speaking of our formidable Harry in such words as the following—"It is hard to say if folly could be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked one with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave; this rotten worm of the earth, having blasphemed the majesty of my king, I have the first right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. The papists he sets down as asses, saying, that they would always remain asses, and that "put them in whatever sauce you will, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, hashed, they are always the same asses." But then it must be recollected, that poor Luther had to deal with a very perverse generation; a generation, truly, of vipers; a generation really sufficiently perverse to make any man's blood boil within his veins.

As to Zuinglius, little can be said of him; great as he was, his glory is eclipsed by that of his two contemporaries. His end was an unfortunate one: he was wounded in an engagement near Lucerne, (1531), and despatched by the sword of a citizen of Unterwalden. His body was afterwards quartered and burned by the public executioner; even his ashes were mixed up with impurities to prevent his relatives having the mournful satisfaction of collecting them.

### PEACOCK SHOOTING.

PEACOCK shooting is an Indian diversion attended with circumstances not common to the shooting of fowl in general. The size and splendour of the object shot at, and the danger with which the diversion is attended, from the religious veneration in which these birds are held by the natives, mark the sport with singular features. About the passes in the Jungleterry districts, Captain Williamson assures us he has seen whole woods covered with their beautiful plumage; and that, speaking within bounds, there could not be less than twelve or fifteen hundred within sight; and also, that when thus congregated, it is not difficult to get within shot of them. The editor of this work was intimate with an officer in the India Company's service, who never could speak of the peacock shooting of India without rapture. In small packs these birds are very shy, and though heavy on the wing, they run so fast as not to be easily flushed. Captain W. says, "The best mode of approaching them is by stealing under the trees at night; if there be a clear moon, so much the better. In this way, by looking up among the foliage, the peacocks may be readily distinguished. When they are very numerous, and when only one bird is wanted, as certain a mode as any

is to  
ing-h  
lence  
are s  
take  
or th  
unde  
favou  
espec  
abov  
—R

THE  
the  
who  
the  
Darl  
being  
histo  
follo  
ther  
havi  
to P  
The  
expe  
affai  
chief  
nam  
Sme  
infor  
and,  
byse  
him  
ther  
of C  
was  
live  
acte  
thei  
had  
was  
Pers  
had  
was  
asse  
Cyr  
nigh  
ther  
zith  
orde  
fath  
pani  
who  
slow  
T  
bore  
tati  
wise  
The  
ciple  
besi  
by H

is to lie in wait behind a bush near their feeding-haunts; but without the most perfect silence is observed, this will not succeed. They are strong birds, and require a smart gun to take proper effect, unless within twenty-five or thirty yards. The best is No. 4, patent shot; and with that size it is right to aim under the wing, if the position of the bird favour such an intention; otherwise, and more especially if the shot be smaller than the size above-mentioned, it is best to aim at the head."

—*Rural Sports.*

### THE PERSIAN MAGI.

THE word Magain, or Mige-gush, which in the old Persian language signified a person who had his ears cut off, was first applied to the worshipper's fire, during the reign of Darius. The cause of this name of contempt being given to a whole sect, is said, by most historians, to have been occasioned by the following occurrence. Cambyzes had a brother\* who accompanied him to the wars, but having become jealous of him, sent him back to Persia, where he was privately murdered. The king, when he went upon his Egyptian expedition, left the supreme government of his affairs in the hands of Patizithes, one of the chiefs of the Magins, who had a brother named Smerdis, who very much resembled Smerdis, the son of Cyrus. Patizithes, being informed of the death of the young prince, and, at the same time, supposing that Cambyzes had, by his arbitrary conduct, made himself odious to his subjects, placed his brother, who he asserted was Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, on the throne. At this period, it was the custom of the Persian monarchs to live retired in their palaces, where they transacted all the affairs of state, admitting to their presence none but those in whom they had the highest confidence. This conduct was observed by the usurper; but Otanes, a Persian nobleman, whose daughter, Phedyma, had been one of Cambyzes's wives, and who was now kept by Smerdis, being desirous to ascertain whether he was the real son of Cyrus, sent her instructions, that, the first night she lay with him, she should feel whether he had any ears; the brother of Patizithes having had his ears cut off by the orders of Cyrus. On her acquainting her father that he had no ears, Otanes, accompanied by six of the Persian nobles, among whom was Darius, entered the palace, and slew both the usurper and his brother.

These Magi, who, before this occurrence, bore another name, were held in great reputation among the Persians, and were likewise their chief professors of philosophy. The Magi believed that there were two principles, or gods; one, the cause of all the good,

and the other, the cause of all the evil, in the world; but they were not of one opinion in regard to these principles; for, some of them held that both had existed from all eternity; while others maintained, that the good principle only was eternal, the evil principle being an angel who had fallen from his original purity and perfection. These two principles, they believed, were in continual opposition to each other, which opposition was to continue to the end of the world; when, the good principle having overcome the evil principle, they would each of them have a distinct world to himself; the good principle reigning over all good beings, and the evil principle over all the wicked. They likewise imagined, that darkness was the symbol of the evil god, and light the symbol of the good god; for which reason, they always worshipped the good principle before fire, its being the cause of light, but more especially before the sun, which they accounted the most perfect light; in short, they paid divine honours to light, to the sun, to the fire in their temples, and to fire in their houses; but, at the same time, they had a great dislike to darkness, which they supposed was a representation of the evil god, whom they held in the utmost detestation. Such were the principle articles of faith of the ancient Magi, and such are likewise the opinions of the Guebres, or worshippers of fire, who, at the present period, form a numerous sect, among the inhabitants of Persia and India.

W. G. C.

### RATES OF POSTAGE OF LETTERS.

GENERAL POST.			s.	d.
Weight not exceeding	1	ounce	0	4
Ditto	1	ditto	0	8
Ditto	2	ditto	1	4
Ditto	3	ditto	2	0
Ditto	4	ditto	2	8
Ditto	5	ditto	3	4
Ditto	6	ditto	4	0
Ditto	7	ditto	4	8
Ditto	8	ditto	5	4
Ditto	9	ditto	6	0
Ditto	10	ditto	6	8
Ditto	11	ditto	7	4
Ditto	12	ditto	8	0
Ditto	13	ditto	8	8
Ditto	14	ditto	9	4
Ditto	15	ditto	10	0
Ditto	16	ditto	10	8

N.B. All letters exceeding one ounce to be pre-paid, or charged double postage.

### TWOPENNY AND THREEPENNY POST.

Letters not exceeding half an ounce, if pre-paid, will be charged one penny. Letters exceeding that weight, and not exceeding four ounces, will be charged as formerly. No letter weighing more than four ounces can be forwarded.

\* This brother, who was the only son of Cyrus, besides himself, is called by Xenophon, Tanaxares; by Herodotus, Smerdis; and by Justin, Margia.

## The Gatherer.

**Etiquette under Oliver Cromwell.**—Ambassadors were received by the Protector standing on a platform raised three steps above the floor, on which was a chair of state. They were instructed to make three reverences; one at the entrance, a second at the midway, and a third at the lower step, each of which Cromwell acknowledged by a slight inclination of the head. The ambassadors of the States were invited to dine with him. Oliver sat alone on one side of the table; they, with some lords of the council, on the other.

**First Hebrew Bible.**—From the year 1477, when the Psalter appeared in Hebrew, different parts of Scripture, in the original, continued to issue from the press; and in the year 1488, a complete Hebrew Bible was printed at Soncino, a city of Cremonese, by a family of Jews, who, under the adopted name of Soncinati, established printing presses in various parts of Europe, including Constantinople. This department of typography was almost entirely engrossed by the Jews in Italy, until the year 1518, when an edition of the Hebrew Scriptures, accompanied with various readings, and rabbinical commentaries, proceeded from the splendid press which Daniel Bomberg had recently erected at Venice.—*M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy.*

During the reign of Cromwell, when stage-plays in public were so strictly prohibited, there were, besides the entertainments set on foot by Sir William Davenant at Rutland-house, occasional representations of plays at the houses of the nobility; and Holland-house, among its other memorable associations, is particularly mentioned as having been used for this purpose. These performances, however, though clandestine, or at least connived at by the ruling powers, had for their object to give relief to the unemployed players, who performed on these occasions.

**Terrestrial Magnetism.**—M. E. Capucci, Director of the Observatory at Naples, has reported, that he has determined, by observations with Gamby's instruments, that after the eruption of Vesuvius on the 1st of January last, that the dip of the needle suddenly diminished half a degree at least.

By recent experiments made at Metz, it has been ascertained that a 16-pounder impels its ball, with the ordinary charge of powder, 506 yards in the first second of time, and that, by increasing the charge, it may be projected 817 yards within the same space of time.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.

As daylight can be seen through small holes, so do little things show a person's character.

**Date of the first Invention of the Celestial and Terrestrial Globes.**—In the 12mo. edition printed at London, in "the Abridgement of the English Chronicle, first collected by Mr. John Stow, and after him augmented with very many memorable Antiquities, and continued with Matters forreine and domesticall, vnto the Beginning of the Yeare 1618," we find the first invention of the *Celestial* and *Terrestrial Globes* in the following words:—"This yeare, 1587, Master William Saunderson, of London, Fishmonger, attained the perfection of making the great round Globes, viz. *Celestiall* and *Terrestriall*."

There were one hundred and seven prisoners for trial at the Marlborough Sessions, of whom forty-four could neither read nor write! and thirty-eight were under twenty years of age! In the same indictment were included, a child eleven years old only! and the hoary-headed man of seventy-four!

The Egyptians apply gold leaf with gum to the faces of persons affected with the small-pox, and this prevents marking.

**The Alsace** states, that a method of printing stuffs with madder has been found out at Vienna. A reward of 30,000fr. for this discovery had been offered in France.

There are living, at Sirey-le-Chateau, in the Haute Marne, four brothers and a sister, born of the same father and mother, whose united ages amount to 423 years.

That man's end is easy and happy, whom death finds with a weak body and a strong soul.—*Bishop Hall.*

**Management of Pigs.**—The following experiment has been made by a gentleman of Norfolk:—Six pigs, of nearly equal weight, were put to keeping at the same time, and treated the same as to food and litter for seven weeks. Three of them were left to shift for themselves as to cleanliness; the other three were kept as clean as possible, by a man employed for the purpose, with a curry-comb and brush. The last consumed, in seven weeks, fewer peas by five bushels than the other three, yet weighed more when killed by two stone and four pounds upon the average.—*Wade's British History.*

Peter Hunne, who, after being buried ten days, was tried for heresy; and, on the 27th of December, 1514, his body was taken up and burnt in Smithfield.

Adversity makes a man wise, not rich.

**A fine Suit of Armour** has recently been discovered in an old manor-house in the Vienne, which antiquaries declare to have belonged to an officer who fought at the battle of Poitiers. It is to be sent to the Musée d'Artillerie of Paris.

**LONDON:** Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JOEL.

In a l  
which  
the ide  
ducing  
churche  
tional i  
as the c  
of "Ha  
accords  
have ve  
Church  
about s  
in great  
neighbo  
doubtle  
frequen  
owner o  
Albans.  
the eye,  
ful-look  
tell, and

"Th  
Be  
And  
As

The  
church-  
Vol.